

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 75.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1855.

PRICE 1½d.

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A STORY OF THE CRIMEA.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

I HAVE the liveliest recollection of the 3d of July 1854; more so, perhaps, than of any other day in the calendar of my life, wherein it is emphatically marked with a distinguishing stone—the colour whereof the reader may guess from the tale I have to tell. It was not at all, I may premise, because the morrow was 'Independence Day,' that that particular eve of a glorious anniversary dwells so freshly in my memory. So far from that, I am pretty sure—true-blooded American as I am—my mother at least was a Boston girl, and I was born there—that on that morning the old stirring watch-words, 'Our heroic forefathers,' 'The saviour of his country,' 'Bunker's Hill,' and so on, would have jarred disagreeably on my ear, so utterly out of unison would they have been with the heavenly frame of mind in which I awoke from delightful dreams to paradisiacal consciousness of waking bliss.

As I leaped out of bed, the bright young day, cloudless, beautiful, as my hopes, was thrusting aside the summer night-curtains, and coming forth a jocund bridegroom to embrace his slumbering bride the earth, and with his glowing kisses awaking her to life and loveliness. It will be easily understood, from this shining similitude, what my head was running upon; but the dawn was really a brilliant one, and the picturesque villas and gay gardens of Staten Island, apparelled in its golden light, shone out in their most attractive aspect. Staten Island, the reader may or may not be aware, is a kind of southern suburb of New York, separated from its sister isle Manhattan, whereon the empire city stretches its huge, restless, ever-swelling bulk, along about five miles of sheltered sea—New York Bay—across which you may be ferried for a few cents in a floating steam-palace. My father, Joshua Henderson, master-mariner, and for many years prosperous ship-owner of New York, had, not long before my mother's death, purchased a pleasant dwelling there—Hope Cottage, so named by himself, where he was every day becoming more and more a fixture. The chief and active share in the business of Henderson & Co. had been some time since ceded to his partners; and my father, moreover, was growing, with increasing years and substance, proportionably chary in his shipping ventures, most of which had latterly been participated by Aunt Martha, his widowed and wealthy sister, located, with her daughter Ruth, at Sherborne Villa, within scarcely more than a stone's-throw of Hope Cottage—and about as sensible and

sharp a dame as ever trod in shoe-leather. As for my noble self, I had been intended for a profession—my father inclined to law, my aunt to divinity—but as it was soon abundantly clear that I should never make a particularly bright figure in either of these, that notion was reluctantly given up. Aunt Martha especially—she was the relict of Silas Garstone, wholesale-dealer in dry goods, Broadway, and major in the New York Militia—resented the family disappointment to a most unreasonable degree. I was a failure, she said, and she hated failures: and as regarded Ruth, I must prove myself worth my salt, which she doubted I ever should do, in some calling or other, before she could bring herself to look upon me as her daughter's future husband; a sentiment, she savagely added, which Ruth fully endorsed. To this un-aunt-like estimate of her only nephew, I, of course, sturdily demurred. I reckoned myself up very differently. I stood five-feet-eleven in my stockings, enjoyed robust health, and a flow of spirits sufficient, if commercially available, to set up a first-rate liquor-store in Broadway, and was, besides, sole heir to at least 2000 dollars per annum—Hope Cottage and fixings over the bargain. What on earth, therefore, could it signify, in a husbandly sense, that I had not come off with exactly flying-colours at Harvard University, or as yet shewn signs of a gift for preaching! When I was at home, Ruth and I had been for years inseparable companions; and it thus came to pass that I, unconsciously, as it were, but in perfect accordance, I apprehend, with a law of nature, very early arrived at a decided conclusion that we were especially created for each other, and that to sunder or mate us with uncongenial souls would be an inexpiable crime, alike against humanity and Heaven. Certainly I had always misgivings as to Ruth's entire accordance with those views; and upon reaching home on Sunday forenoon, 2d July, after bidding final farewell to Harvard, I determined to bring the damsel to the test without delay. For this purpose, I seized the opportunity afforded by the dropping in, soon after dinner, of one of my father's old cronies, to slip quietly off to Sherborne Villa. The reception awaiting me was a gratifying one. My aunt's manner was decidedly less grim and gritty than at my last visit, and Ruth was wonderfully gracious—actually proposed—mamma not objecting—that we should take a long walk together!

To be sure, the afternoon was fine and cool; all the world abroad, and she had not yet sported the new dress sent her from New York—considerations which, I doubted not, had something to do with the flattering proposal. However that might be, the walk was a very pleasant one, and would have been much

more so but that Ruth, as usual, laughed off every attempt at serious discourse. Still, I was in high feather when we returned, and sat down to tea with dear Dame Garstone. Soon, however, it proved to be sweetly combed down. A tall, handsome, military-looking man, forty years old or so, charged into the room, and was received with all the honours. 'Mr Hartmann'—'My nephew, Mark Henderson.' The fellow merely glanced at me, in a *de haut en bas* sort of way, but to the ladies he was immensely courteous, especially to Ruth, who received his common-place compliments with evident gratification—but whether only to torment me, I was soon too hot and angry to determine clearly. I stood it pretty well for about half an hour, and then went off with a bounce, and was so little cooled when I entered the parlour of Hope Cottage, a quarter of an hour or so afterwards—I had taken one or two restless turns about the neighbourhood before going in—as to exclaim in a key absurdly loud, except as affording some slight relief to the irritation which was choking me: 'Confound that saucy gipsy! Certainly the most distracting riddle of a girl that ever plagued and puzzled susceptible ingenuous man!'

My father was sitting at an open window, intently scrutinising through his telescope a large vessel entering the bay from the Narrows. As his deafness had greatly increased upon him of late, I did not suppose, vehemently as I expressed myself, that he could have heard me. I was mistaken: he had caught a portion, at all events, of my words and meaning; for immediately turning from the window, and eyeing me with a grimly smiling expression as he seated himself, and in his slow deliberate way refilled his pipe and grog-glass, he said: 'You have seen the saucy gipsy, then?'

'Confound her!—yes,' I growled; but as he did not hear me, I nodded affirmation.

'That's well,' he replied, adding in his usual sea-slang dialect: 'She's a handsome craft, Mark, no doubt, but a little cranky, I fear, and wants more ballast to bring her down to her proper bearings.'

'And a skilful captain too,' I bawled, falling in with his humour.

'That is right, lad; and then, I reckon, she'll behave very prettily.'

'Doubtful,' thought I, as I helped myself to a cigar and a tumbler of rum and water. Whenever thoroughly ryled, I am always thirsty.

'They've bedizened her out with a deal of finery,' resumed the ancient mariner.

'That's New York fashion,' I shouted at the top of my voice. 'She must not be out of the fashion, you know.'

'Pray don't scream so, Mark: a stranger would suppose I was as deaf as a post. As to New York fashions, the Boston folk aint much behind in expensive fal-the-rales.' Here the dialogue was suspended, I being in no mood for talk, and the governor hardly prepared to translate in words the astounding intelligence which I, much wondering what on earth was coming, saw gradually pierce through and illumine his weather-beaten phiz.

'Mark!' said he at last, when the aurora had reached its fullest intensity—'Mark!'

I did mark, and silently intimated as much.

'I have great news for you, Mark,' he went on to say. 'You're in wonderful luck, my lad—that's a fact, and so you'll say yourself presently. Your aunt, who is, you know, principally interested, was dead against you all along, and required a mortal deal of persuading. "Here," I kept a saying whenever I had a chance—"here's Mark coming home from college with, they say, no gift of tongues whatever, and unfit, consequently, for either law or gospel. The question is, then, how to settle him in the world, and what he's fit for?" I shan't vex you, Mark,' continued my father,

'by repeating the answer I got, particularly as your aunt veered round all of a sudden—the very day, I mind, that fellow Hartmann or Shartmann came over to Staten Island; and the long and short of it is, that we've agreed you shall be set going in life at once, with an allowance to start with of sixty dollars a month, in—in consideration,' added the veteran with exultant glee, 'that you consent to take legal charge of the craft you were talking of—Hollo! I say—what now!'

My arms were clasped in a trice round the astounded ship-owner's neck, arresting further speech by a grasp, which he only got rid of by an exertion of strength that sent me reeling, till brought up by a sofa, on which I sat down involuntarily.

'Plague take the boy!' growled my father, hitching his discomposed vestments together, and eyeing me with angry surprise—'has he taken leave of his senses?' Confused, dizzy, overwhelmed, I could only gasp out a jumble of excuses, blessings, thanks, which he could not have heard, but seemed nevertheless to comprehend dimly.

'Well, well,' he interrupted; 'enough said, enough said, Mark. It's a good thing, no doubt, to be set up handsomely in life at your age. Still, there's for and against; and, in fact, it's a venturesome risk for all parties.' With that he turned to the window and his telescope, and I rushed into the garden to shout, lepp, cry—unheard, unseen. I was but a boy, you know.

The stars were looking forth when, still very nervous and excited, I knocked at my aunt's door. The mulatto help, in reply to my inquiry for her young mistress, pointed to an inner apartment, where, finding Ruth alone, I threw myself at her feet, and poured forth a torrent of wild, wordy rhapsody, to which she hearkened like one in a dream. Presently recovering from the shock and surprise of such a salutation, she forcibly disengaged her dress from my grasp, and angrily exclaimed: 'Mark Henderson! you have been drinking; you are positively tipsy, sir!'

'Drinking! yes; joy from golden goblets, which'—'Absurd!' interrupted Ruth with increasing displeasure. 'Pray have done with such senseless rhodomontade, and tell me quietly, soberly, if you can, what it is my uncle has been saying to you?'

I did so, as nearly as I could, in my father's own words. So overflowing was Ruth Garstone's mirthful gaiety of heart, that I saw she had the greatest difficulty as I proceeded to repress a burst of girlish merriment. But my evident sincerity, the fervour of a true affection, which must have been apparent through all the high-flown fustian in which it was expressed, touched the dear girl's better nature—a shade, so to speak, of kindness and sympathy gathered over her beaming face; and when I had concluded, she said gently: 'I perfectly understand, Mark: we will speak further upon the subject to-morrow; you are too excited now; and hark! that is mamma's step. I would not have you see her at this moment for the world. This way, through the garden. My dear Mark,' she added, caressingly, seeing that I hesitated, 'do come, let me beg of you, and at once.'

The reader is now in possession of the why and wherefore of the blissful state of being in which I awoke from soft slumbers on the 3d of July 1854; though why I got up so very early, I cannot precisely say. Awfully slow, I remember, the time seemed to pass till eight o'clock struck, the hour at which, I knew, my Aunt Martha and Ruth were expected. When I entered the breakfast-room, my father was there alone, and a little sourish-tempered.

'If sister and her gal don't come soon, I shan't wait,' he grumbled. 'I suppose they're staying to get breakfast for that stranger they're so sweet upon. And, by the by, Mark, that free-and-easy-going chap is bound on the same pleasant vy'ge as yourself.'

'The deuce! Surely he's not going to marry Aunt Martha!'

'What's that?' said my father, forming his left hand into an ear-trumpet.

I repeated what I had said in a louder key.

'Marry your Aunt Martha! Who was talking about marrying aunts or uncles?'

He was stopped by the entrance of the dame herself. I jumped up all of a tremble, shook hands with her, and then gazed stupidly at the reclosed door.

The good lady looked at me in a queer, quizzical sort of way, as she said, in answer to my blank aspect: 'Ruth wouldn't come; she will have it there is some strange mistake.'

'What's all that about?' demanded my father, impatient for his coffee.

'I was telling Mark,' said his sister, seating herself, and placing her lips close to his ear, 'that Ruth wouldn't come.'

'Then let Ruth stay away,' was the gruff response. 'You, and I, and Mark can settle the business we are upon without her, I hope.'

'Without Ruth!' I exclaimed, a hot quail flushing through me. 'That would indeed be, as they say, the play of *Hamlet* with the part of the Prince left out.'

'Don't talk of plays!' interrupted Aunt Garstone, with a nervous shudder, and still fixing me with that odd, quizzical look: 'they've crazed the wits of wiser folk than you, my poor boy. Why, what ails the lad?' she continued in a much louder tone. 'It can't surely be true, Joshua Henderson, that you've been telling him we've agreed that he's to marry my Ruth?'

Joshua Henderson looked as if apprehensive that his deafness had assumed a new and more disastrous phase—that of totally perverting the sound and sense of words addressed to him, and Aunt Martha iterated her query twice or thrice before he replied to it.

'I tell Mark,' he at length said, 'that he was to marry thy Ruth! Pooh! I don't believe I mentioned the gal's name!' This was too much.

'What!' I fairly screamed, 'you did not assure me, yester-evening, that my aunt, after much persuasion, had agreed that the best thing to be done was for me to marry Ruth at once—take legal charge of her, were your words—and that we were to have an allowance, to start with, of sixty dollars a month, besides a reasonable outfitting: do you mean seriously to deny that?'

'You young varmint!' shouted my father; 'if I haven't a mind to!'

'Well, but what, Joshua, did you tell him?' interrupted my aunt, springing up and interposing between us. 'As Ruth says, a strange mistake has been made by somebody.'

'What did I tell him, sister?—why, this: that our new clipper-brig, the *Saucy Gipsy*, loaded with sorted sundries for Constantinople and elsewhere, was to be placed under his legal charge as supercargo, with!'

Enough! more than enough! A sensation akin to sea-sickness came over me; and it was only by a great effort that I retained sufficient strength to leave the room, stagger up stairs, and throw myself, in bitter anguish, upon the bed, from which so short a time before I had risen in such elation of mind.

Two or three bitter hours brought healing on their wings, suggesting as they did that, after all, I had no right to rave in that mad way of cruel fate and unpropitious stars! The air-drawn prospect, existing only in my own imagination, had vanished—that was all, leaving me, so far as Ruth was concerned, in the same position as before; whilst Aunt Martha's opinion of my discretion and ability must have greatly improved, since she had consented to invest me with so important a charge as the one proposed. These and similar cogitations were interrupted by a tap at the door, and 'Can I come in now, Mark?' sharply

demanding by Dame Garstone herself. She was instantly admitted; and I was glad to see that, in place of the mocking, quizzical look, as I interpreted it, her countenance wore an expression of kindness and benignity.

'I shall not let Ruth know,' she began, 'how crazily you behaved this morning: she is quite vain enough already. But I may tell you, that it has much inclined me to believe you capable of—that you do, in fact, love your cousin with a sincere and lasting affection.'

'Ah, my dear aunt, if I might only express to you how fervently!'

'No, don't, Mark,' she hastily interrupted: 'I would much rather not. I feel increased confidence, I was about to say, that I shall not have reason to regret placing you in charge of the large venture embarked in the *Saucy Gipsy*—you may well blush and wince at that ridiculous blunder—unless this, her first voyage, should be permanently associated in our minds with calamitous tidings, as I much fear may be the case.'

'What the deuce is coming now?' thought I, as my aunt paused, in some embarrassment, it seemed.

'I cannot give you,' she resumed, 'a stronger proof that I already look upon you as my son—pray, sit still—than by placing that confidence in you which I deem it prudent to withhold from my own brother. I have never, indeed, doubted your manliness and courage, Mark, and that conviction first suggested to me that you would not be an unfit person to take care of that Karl Hartmann—whom you saw yesterday at my house, and who is to sail with you in the *Saucy Gipsy*—does not play me and others false.'

'I am to be a kind of supercargo, then, to Mr Karl Hartmann, am I?'

'Something, as you say, of that kind. But that we may thoroughly understand each other, I must begin at the beginning. You are aware, Mark, that your father and I arrived in America from England now about five-and-thirty years ago, he being then in his twenty-sixth, I in my fifteenth year. Joshua had long made up his mind to emigrate, but I should hardly have done so, had my home continued to be what it once was. Our father kept a shop in the small town where we were born, and where our mother died, soon after the birth of her youngest child, myself. Matters went on pretty much as usual, till about my ninth year, when our father gradually yielded himself up to dissipated, or, perhaps, I should say desultory, idle habits, delighting especially in theatrical entertainments, so that whenever a troop of players entered the town, we were sure to have two or three of them living at rack and manger with us. The upshot was—but we are none of us our own keepers—that my father married an actress, of no great skill in her profession, I understood, but young, showy, and of course artful—successfully assuming to be the essence of her craft. This is, I know, according to you, mere unreasoning prejudice; but let that pass. From that time, my father's house was no longer a home to me, and I soon decided upon accepting the repeated invitation of my uncle Philipps, to come over to Boston, and take up my abode in his childless home. It was well,' continued Aunt Martha in a subdued tone, 'that my brother was free to come away at the time he did, for there was fast strengthening a link of love binding me to that unhappy household which a few more years would have rendered indissoluble. God, as we all know, sends his rain alike upon the just and the unjust, and his choicest creations are scattered with the same all-embracing bounteousness. One of the loveliest human flowers that ever blossomed upon earth sprang from that else unblest union. Viola, the child was named after some character in a play, and, bitter grief to me, her mother, with my weak father's concurrence, began, from the first hour the pure, intelligent child was capable of receiving instruction, to train and educate her for the stage! I left Sherborne when Viola was in her fifth year, and her subsequent

history, so far as it has been made known to me by her letters, of which I have received many, may soon be told. My father died in embarrassed circumstances; Mrs Henderson returned to the stage; and Viola made her first appearance at one of the inferior London theatres with but partial success. This disappointment greatly soured the mother's temper, never a very lamb-like one, and she led her daughter such a wretched life, that the poor, unguided child threw herself away upon a wild young fellow of the name of Dalzell—Arthur Dalzell.

'Dalzell! a rather fine name that,' I interjected; 'but an assumed one, perhaps.'

'No; he was a young man of good family, who had lost both his parents in his nonage, and upon reaching the ripe maturity of twenty-one, was cast upon the world to scramble through it as he best could, with a fortune of five or six hundred pounds, and habits of expense requiring five times as much as that yearly. He had, however, the good taste, though himself what is called a gentleman-amateur, to withdraw his wife from the stage. Finding himself, but a few months after marriage, in imminent danger of a jail, he managed to procure a commission in the English force serving under General Evans in Spain. There he speedily acquired a character for reckless daring; and when General Evans's troops were disbanded, he transferred his services to the French Foreign Legion, employed in Africa. A long interval passed, and then I heard of them from Southern Russia; and that Captain Dalzell was an officer in the army of the czar.'

'Verily, a roving, adventurous gentleman! But did Aunt Viola share his wanderings?'

'She was his inseparable companion. Captain Dalzell's employment in Russia was not, if I rightly understood Viola, entirely of a military character. He had something to do with government contracts, in which he failed, in consequence, it seemed, of the bad faith of a partner. This I learned from the last letter I ever received from my sister: it was dated from Odessa!'

'I know: the place which the French and Britishers have lately cannonaded in a considerate, merciful sort of way, as if desirous of hurting the Russians as little as possible.'

'That letter,' continued my aunt, 'informed me that Captain Dalzell had left Russia for ever, and that she and their only surviving child, Marian, were about to follow, whither she did not precisely know, but very probably to America. This, it proved, was their destination; but unhappily, whilst Ruth and I were absent in Boston, Captain Dalzell arrived at New York, made himself known to my husband, who received him most cordially; lent him five hundred dollars, mainly for the alleged purpose of sending for his wife and daughter; which sum the unhappy man appears to have lost at a gaming-house in one night. The next day, he set off, as a cart note apprised your uncle, to join the Mexicans, in arms to defend their country against the braggart Yankees!'

'My stars! but such a note as that from a man that had choused him out of five hundred dollars, must have got the major's dander up alarmingly!'

'My husband was, and naturally so, very wroth; but he acted unjustly in his anger, by writing an unkind, reproachful letter to Viola, whose address he found in my writing-desk, indirectly upbraiding her with Captain Dalzell's misdeeds. I knew of all this too late. The excusatory letter I immediately wrote was returned after a long interval, with a postal intimation that Madame Dalzell had left Odessa; and from her continued silence, I was fain to conclude that Viola had finished her sad earthly pilgrimage, till a few days since, when this Karl Hartmann came over to Staten Island, bringing a long letter addressed to me from

Arthur Dalzell, who, it appears, is dying at San Francisco, and, repentant too late, is anxious to induce his long-abandoned wife, who is still living somewhere in South Russia, to come over to America, that he may see her and his child once more before his eyes close upon a world in which he has played so unworthy a part. Karl Hartmann, his friend, knows, he writes, South Russia well, and with my assistance will be able to discover the present whereabouts of Viola, and bring her safely here. She has, it appears, supported herself and Marian for several years past by teaching music, but of late her eyesight had begun to fail her; and thus whilst I, her own sister, have been wrapped in ease, comfort, luxury, the sweet, beauteous child—for, Mark, dear Mark,' sobbed my aunt, giving way to the choking grief which for some minutes had rendered her speech almost unintelligible—'I cannot realise her to myself but as I saw her last, God's radiant angel-child—she, I say, has the while been hopelessly struggling with calamity—abandoned, blind! O heavenly Father! thy ways, thy dispensations are indeed inscrutable!'

'This is a strange story, dear aunt,' I ventured to remark after a while. 'Does Mr Hartmann require funds of you for his journey?'

'Yes; and large funds too, Mark.'

'I thought so. But how comes it that Captain Dalzell does not know his wife's precise address? Merely that she may be heard of somewhere in South Russia—a pleasant country, I guess, to hunt over upon such an errand just now.'

'I asked that very question,' said my aunt; 'and the answer was, that Dalzell had not for a very long time heard from my sister, except indirectly. I, however, positively refused, from the first, to advance the money, except through you, and from time to time as the exigency might arise. This Mr Hartmann strongly demurred to; but after seeing you yester afternoon—you have rather a raw, boyish look, Mark—he made no further objection to that arrangement.'

'Mr Hartmann may find, when the push comes, that he has mistaken his man, or boy, since boy I am seemingly doomed to remain all my days.'

'Ruth says you will prove yourself a match for half-a-dozen German Hartmanns,' said Aunt Martha, pitching a very soothing, soft-sawdery note. 'And it is certain that, in prosecuting the search after your aunt Viola, you will incur no danger. The czar is anxious just now to cultivate friendly relations with this country, and you will be provided with letters from strongly influential parties here to Mr Brown, the American representative at Constantinople.'

'I shall do my best, be assured, dear aunt, to deserve Ruth's flattering opinion, and to accomplish your wishes.'

Aunt Martha's quivering lips pressed mine in acceptance of that pledge, and we then went down stairs, where we found my father hob-nobbing with the said Karl Hartmann, unquestionably a man of superior, commanding aspect; and no one could look upon his sun-bronzed, scarred visage—two sword-cuts, not at all disfiguring—and tall, well set-up figure, without instantly recognising a soldier of service.

The brief conversation that ensued turned upon the war, to the theatre whereof we were bound, the stranger displaying not only an intimate knowledge of the countries to which it was likely to extend, but an inveterate, supercilious John Bullism, as surprising in a German as the perfection of his pronunciation.

'You speak English wonderfully well, Mr Hartmann,' I remarked.

'Not at all wonderfully, Mr Henderson,' he replied, 'when you remember that I have passed several years in these United States, where, as you know, the genuine accent can alone be acquired.'

The sneering tone and emphasis with which this was said, made my blood tingle again; and cudgelling my

brains for a smart retort, I came out with the following brilliant, if not quite novel, home-thrust: 'It is certainly very amusing to find Great Britain, with India and half a world besides in her omnivorous grasp, affecting such righteous horror of aggressive war.'

Before Hartmann's flashing glance could be interpreted by words, Dame Garstone interposed with—'There is, at all events, a mighty difference in favour of England as against Russia, in one respect: England did not invade India and other countries in simulated vindication of the gospel of God—solemnly inaugurate the work of the devil in the name of Christ.'

'Just so, madam,' said Hartmann, rising to go away. 'Cotton would be a more appropriate inscription upon Britain's aggressive banner than the name invoked by the czar. The *Saucy Gipsy*,' he added, with a mockingly merry glance at the indignant supercargo, 'will, it is understood, sail, wind and weather permitting, the day after to-morrow, at about noon. I shall not fail to be punctual.' Mr Hartmann then, after a brief private conference with my aunt, left the house; and so did I, a few minutes subsequently, with Aunt Martha.

The wind blew fresh from the south-west; the blue-Peter had been for some time flying at the foretop-mast-head of the *Saucy Gipsy*—the brig, by the by, had been so named after Ruth's household and familiar sobriquet—now moored off the landing-place at Staten Island, and the order was at length given to cast off; whereupon Aunt Martha, who had been urging her counsels and commands over and over again, hastened from the cabin upon deck, bidding Ruth follow.

'Good-by, Cousin Mark,' said Ruth, holding out her little hand, and speaking with a lightness of tone I was sure was only assumed. 'We shall think of the *Saucy Gipsy* oftener, I daresay, than you will.'

'Ah, Ruth, if you only felt as I feel!'

'Mercy forbid! Not, at least, as you felt ten minutes ago—fit to murder poor Mr Hartmann; and all because I was commonly civil to the man.'

'Ruth! Ruth!'

'Just as if a girl of my angelic sweetness of disposition could look cross or forbidding, if she tried.'

'Oh, come, I'll be darned if!'

'Nonsense! Hold your tongue—do! You've nothing more to say to me, I suppose, Mark?' she added, balancing herself upon one foot, and holding the cabin-door in her hand. 'Coming, mamma!'

'Nothing—but that I must have a kiss at parting.'

'I daresay! For shame, you rude boy! Did you ever! Why, Mark! Here I am, mamma!'

A HAPPY MAN.

Who does not know the tale so truly Oriental, of a king blest with all the gifts of fortune, and yet so far from feeling them the source of happiness, that he promised his kingdom to him who would prove himself really, thoroughly happy? He was wise enough to feel that in making such an offer he did not risk much, and he was perhaps also wise enough not to attach too much value to the possession of what so many envied. He had nevertheless to discover, that he would have forfeited his kingdom to a beggar, with whom he once fell in, if the latter had not felt too happy to change—living, as he did, humbly, but without care or sorrow, heartily enjoying the gifts of public charity and of nature, together with unbounded liberty.

A very few of my readers know, perhaps, of the deep enjoyment there is when toiling through this life to miss many a comfort, yet to feel above their want—to find that a strong mind is able to conquer difficulties, and keep above the miseries of the world. Readily will they allow, that the greatest misfortune which can

befall a man, is never to have had his bad days—never to have looked stern adversity in the face—and, consequently, never to have been forged, and hammered, and tempered, into bearing up unhurt and untouched against any turn of fate—looking satisfied on the past, gaily on the present, and calmly into the future.

During years of wandering among different nations, in many a country, in republics and in monarchies, constitutional and absolute, I have here and there met with a contented and gay character; and I have also had the good-fortune to conquer this happy man, not for my slave, as the despot might, nor for my flatterer, as the rich and mighty would—but, what neither power nor wealth could achieve, for my own warm friend.

A really happy man! that is not possible; such a being can exist but in the realm of fiction. Well; some incredulity must be excused in a case I myself would not believe, if I had not seen, and felt, and studied it, musing deep and long on its phenomena. But those who cannot believe will at least listen, and then they will perhaps allow that I am not so far wrong as they now suppose.

That the happy human being in question cannot be rich, is plain; he is poor, and has been born and bred in absolute poverty. But that would not be enough to constitute a happy being, for he has two brothers, sound and healthy, who are bad characters; a third brother is deaf and dumb; and this one lives as an engraver, humbly, but respectfully, with a nice wife and two pretty children. But still, I would hardly call the latter more than contented: to be really happy in the higher, nobler meaning, it requires more. My friend Edward Meystre is not only deaf, dumb, but likewise blind: the only senses he has left are those of touch, and the less important ones of smell and taste. Let us make acquaintance with him.

Built on an eminence, and commanding a splendid view on the Lake of Geneva, together with a grand panorama from the Alps to the Jura, stands the Blind Asylum of Lausanne, founded by an Englishman of Swiss descent. You traverse the gravel-walk encircling the house, and you see groups of boys and girls enjoying themselves, their happy faces speaking louder than any printed report the praise of the director of the establishment. But one figure strikes you—a young man of about thirty, of strong frame and middle stature, striding about with firm military gait; his head high, and occasionally turned to the sun, as if boldly looking at it; his features, though hardy, and deeply scarred with the small-pox, beaming with intelligent, reflecting joy. Follow him to his work, when he has had his share in enjoying the fine weather, and you will see him actively occupied in turning the best-finished articles, doing everything for himself, even preparing the wood with the hatchet in a manner which it makes you shudder to look at. If you are present at the proper hour, you may see him taking a lesson with the director, and you will be at a loss which of the two to admire most—the director, for his genius in teaching; or the pupil, for his intelligence in learning. When you have thus seen the man enjoying, labouring, and learning, and when you consider that he is healthy and without care, you will lay your hand on your heart, and wish you were as happy as he is.

Let us now inquire into his history, and consider the ways of Providence in producing so admirable a result. Edward Meystre was born at Lausanne, on the

25th of November 1826. His father was a carpenter of talent, but of bad conduct, who abandoned his family. The mother, on the contrary, was an excellent woman, who struggled nobly with poverty, and provided for her children. Her second son, Edward, was born healthy and sound, but at the age of eleven months the small-pox bereft him of his hearing, and so he remained dumb. When he was seven years old, a play-fellow handling a loaded gun, discharged the contents by accident into Edward's face, destroying both eyes. The impression of living in constant darkness was at first strong and painful for the boy, but he soon got used to it. Active and poor as he was, he used to turn the penny by carrying wood for the neighbours, and even by manufacturing some rude objects, such as little benches and mouse-traps, with a few carpenter's tools, which his mother had kept for him from out of the father's shipwreck. She succeeded in getting him, at the age of eighteen, admitted into the Blind Asylum, founded recently at Lausanne by M. Haldimand, and directed by M. Hirzel. The latter immediately set about instructing Edward, devoting an hour or two every day to him, and leaving him the rest of his time to practise manual labour in the shape of turning. In three weeks, Edward learned the meaning and the use of the alphabet; and in three months, he learned to pronounce—thanks to the well-directed, and next to hopeless efforts of M. Hirzel. From that moment, the study of the manner of communicating his ideas by means of alphabetical and spoken language has been laboriously pursued, together with the business of educating his mind by means of that language—no inconsiderable undertaking with one who had arrived at the age of eighteen, without even knowing that men could communicate by any other means than by pantomimic gestures. The admirable results obtained by M. Hirzel are best described by that gentleman himself, in a French paper, and the article has been published in an English translation in America. I will dwell chiefly, however, on a few of my own direct observations.

I made Edward's acquaintance three years ago; and my first impression upon standing before him, as before a wall, without any means of communicating with his mind, was humiliating, and almost painful. My first care was to let him teach me his finger-alphabet. At the same time, I practised the more or less intuitive language of gestures, which is not the less interesting of the class, as it is extensively practised by animals. I also accustomed my ear to Edward's vocal speech, which one very soon understands as well as that of any person not deaf and dumb. Indeed, I have met with a lady who understood Edward's speech well enough the very first time she heard him. Once familiar with him, with his mode of expressing his ideas, and, what was not less important, with the range and peculiar turn of his mind, as also with M. Hirzel's manner of communicating new ideas to him, I felt quite at home with my friend; and I think there is nothing one could not undertake to teach him with success. To be sure, the communication of abstract notions often proves most difficult, although never impossible, if properly managed.

I took Edward several times to the museum of natural history, and let him touch specimens in the principal classes of the animal kingdom. He examined everything in the most intelligent manner, feeling, for instance, immediately for the claws and teeth, to see whether an animal was carnivorous; so that he forcibly reminded me of Cuvier and his method. The skeleton of a cow offered a good opportunity for unfolding some elementary notions of comparative anatomy, by comparing with his own limbs. This was done by means of a few gestures, without one word of alphabetical language, and at least as rapidly and easily as it would have

been by means of the vocal language with a pupil possessed of hearing and sight. When set before a fine stuffed calf, with two regular and well-constituted heads, he began feeling one head; but when, following the neck, he came to the second head, he started as he had never done before, and immediately expressed by signs that it was a very voracious animal, asking whether it had also two stomachs. I told him it had but one stomach, bade him feel the feet, to shew him that it was not a carnivorous animal; and then I explained to him it was a *lusus naturæ*. The ethnological department of the museum, small as it is, proved very useful in helping to give him clear notions of what man in his savage state is. Upon seeing so many implements of murder, he made the remark: 'Sauvage méchant.' When told by his blind companions of Napoleon's wars, although following with eagerness, being very fond of stories, he asked, striking his bosom: 'Et la conscience?' Full of courage and manliness as he is, killing does not agree with his notions of conscience any more than with those of a child.

I gave Edward his first lesson in history—of which he, as yet, had no conception—by taking him to my friend M. Troyon, the celebrated antiquary. Here he was made to touch the remains of the Stone Age—flint-axes, knives, spear and arrow heads, &c. He was taught with a piece of rude flint how these implements were made; and he was told that they were very, very old—three, four, five thousand years old, having belonged to the first inhabitants of Europe, when these were mere savages, and having been found in the ground, chiefly in graves. Next came the Bronze Age, of which he was told that it was two, three thousand years old; then the Iron Age, to which the modern period belongs; lastly, he was shewn a Merovingian grave, preserved open, with the skeleton lying in it, being at the same time made to touch the antiquities found in the grave. He understood this elementary lesson extremely well. What struck Edward most in M. Troyon's collection was a series of human skulls, with holes and other marks of the violent death their owners had met. This seemed to impress him with a feeling of horror, judging at least from his expressive pantomime, and from the way in which he related the facts to his blind companions.

I could not miss the opportunity of making Edward acquainted with the elementary notions of geology. I began by cultivating, in our walks, his practical sense of geography; then I taught him how running water, and how the action of the waves on the shore of the lake rounded off the stones, and formed gravel and shingle. I next had the opportunity of teaching him how an overflowing torrent had deposited its gravel and shingle in sensibly horizontal strata—a remark which struck him a good deal. The next step—which I have not yet taken, because it first requires finding a very good, distinct, and accessible example—will be to shew him a rock composed of alternate layers of conglomerate and sandstone and marl, and to let him feel some fossils imbedded in the stone. Once this is properly achieved, the rest will follow easily, by means of gestures and signs, alphabetical words, sticks, wires, and clay moulded into different forms. The deaf, dumb, and blind will thus acquire an elementary, but clear and satisfactory idea of the history of creation, with practical notions of the geology of Switzerland, including even the glacier theory. He might be told about it already, by mere words, if the greatest care was not taken to convey no ideas to him but such as are made thoroughly clear and definite, and these require to rest upon matter of fact—which to him is what he can touch.

Spending the last winter at Berne, I sent him at the New-year a cake, with a letter which I got printed by the blind of the asylum at Berne. Here is the answer, composed and printed by Edward himself, without any

help or aid. I give it textually, with the few insignificant faults it contains. It is the more interesting, as it is the first regular letter he has ever written:—

‘LAUSANNE MERCREDI LE 24 JANVIER. 1855.

MON CHER MONSIEUR M.—JE VOUS REMERCIE POUR CETTE BOITE DE BISCOMÉ ET POUR CETTE LETTRE DE QUATRE FEUILLES QUE VOUS M’AVEZ ENVOYÉ. J’AI TRÈS BIEN PU LIRE VOTRE LETTRE ELLE M’A FAIT BIEN PLAISIR. JE L’AI APPRIS PAR CŒUR. IL Y A TRÈS LONGTEMPS QUE JE NE VOUS AI PAS TOUCHÉ LA MAIN. J’AI PENSÉ SEUL MOI CETTE LETTRE. VOUS DEMEUREZ A BERNE. VOUS REVIENDREZ BIENTÔT.

ADIEU MON CHER MONSIEUR M.
EDOUARD MEYSTER.’

Let us conclude with a review of Edward's character. It is eminently that of the deaf and dumb, not of the blind. He is active in body and mind; has a noble, firm bearing; is gay-spirited, communicative, and looks at the bright side of things. He seems not to reckon himself among the blind, and speaking of his companions, calls them *les aveugles*; whilst he has a strong kindred feeling for the deaf and dumb, his greatest pleasure being in shewing about the house a deaf and dumb stranger. His intellectual capacities, although very good, cannot be called brilliant; but then he has a vast deal of plain common sense, supported by a thoroughly inquisitive turn of mind. His questions, as well as his answers, are sometimes striking. M. Hirzel once asked him what was the meaning of *rich* and *poor*. Edward described a man who had bags of money, good clothes, and plenty of food; and another who had empty pockets, bad clothes, and little to eat. M. Hirzel then proceeded to ask: ‘And thou, art thou rich or poor?’ Upon that, Edward struck his forehead, said: ‘Je pense;’ and after a moment's reflection, answered: ‘Pas pauvre, je travaille.’ An answer worthy of any philosopher of ancient or modern times. When taught to embody the idea of thinking in the word *penser*, he inquired whether the animals think and dream, and whether they have a language of their own. The power of thinking is of paramount importance to him, and he estimates men according to their more or less capacity in that respect; thus he does not care much for children, because, says he, they think but little. For the same reason, he finds one ought not to cry when children die; he was, however, affected, though perhaps more from the grief of the parents, when M. Hirzel lost a child. When his own mother died, he was deeply affected, for she had been everything to him through youth. Once, when we were returning home at a late hour, passing near the house where he had lived with his mother brought her to his mind, and he spoke of her death, and how she had been long ill, and very white in the face, and how he had worked hard to give her money. It was enough to move a stone.

A very curious circumstance is, that Edward is possessed of some sort of intuitive phrenological notions of his own; for when allowed to touch a person's head, he forms a tolerably true estimate of its character, particularly with respect to the reflective faculties. When I asked him how he judged of the latter, he explained, by expressive signs, that the forehead of men who think much is peculiarly protuberant.

The excellence of Edward's character results from the combination of the perfect simplicity of a child with the power and intelligence of manhood. This may be called the secret of happiness. No wonder, then, if we see our friend always gay, happy, and contented, and without care or sorrow—thanks to the ways of Providence, which, by depriving him of his ear and eye, has preserved him from the contagion which surrounded him in poverty, and which would scarcely have spared him had he been rich. To adhere to truth, however, to the end in my narrative, I must confess that I once,

but once only, observed that my happy friend could actually feel a pang. It was in the winter of 1854, when he told me that bread was very dear, and that his sister had not enough for her children.

MY LION-FRIEND.

AMONG the adventurous Frenchmen whose daring spirit has won reputation in the army of Algeria, there is scarcely one better known than M. Gérard, called the Lion-slayer. His skill and good-fortune equal that of Gordon Cumming, the South-African Nimrod, whom he surpasses in modesty. Gérard has lately published his experiences and adventures, highly amusing in their details, but monotonous as a whole. Whoever has read the first chapters, knows beforehand that nearly every one of them is to end with the death of the lion; and even the hairbreadth escapes of the hero are all alike. Perhaps the most interesting portion of his book is the following biography of a lion:—

In February 1846, Monsieur de Tourville, commander of Ghelma, sent for me, and told me that the tribe of Beni-Bughal requested my assistance to free them from the ravages of a lioness, which, with her cubs, had established her head-quarters within the pasture-grounds of their tribe. I immediately mounted my horse, and rode with the sheik to the tent-village of the tribe, encamped at the foot of the Jebel Mezrur.

At dawn, I reconnoitred the wood in which the lioness and her cubs usually hid themselves; and in the thicket, upon a carefully arranged heap of leaves, I found a small female cub, about one month old, not larger than a cat. I took it up in my burnoose, carried it to the tents, and again went back to the neighbourhood of the lair, to await there the return of the lioness. When I reached the forest, the sun was setting. I hastened to find the thicket, and sat down under a cork-tree. But now I observed that the thicket was so dense as to afford me no room to take aim with my rifle; I had therefore to cut the branches of the trees, with my double-edged dagger, to the extent of the length of my rifle.

My plan of attack was simple. When the lioness shewed her head between the bushes, I intended at once to blow out her brains. Night came on, and I listened attentively to every noise around. A bear passed me first; I nearly mistook him for the lioness, but his slow unwieldy steps soon undeceived me. Again a jackal glided to the lair, and snuffed about for the provisions of the lion-cubs. But now there was no mistake possible; I thought I heard distinctly my expected victim breaking the bones of a sheep with its teeth, and leisurely feeding upon the carcass, which I had noticed in the thicket. For two hours I waited in strong excitement, and still I was deceived. My arm grew stiff; I could no longer keep my rifle to my shoulder; I leant against the tree, waiting till I should see the eyes of the lioness shining through the darkness.

It may have been eight o'clock, when I suddenly heard the sound of heavy steps and the rustling of the branches. I could not doubt that it was the lioness. The noise ceased at about twenty yards' distance. I apprehended that she might have observed me, and that, with one sudden leap, she might clear the distance which separated us. I jumped up, in the hope of seeing perhaps her eyes. Leaning against the tree, the rifle in readiness, I fixed my glance upon the bushes, which rose before me as dense as a wall; but I neither saw nor heard anything. My imagination, excited by the recollection of former adventures,

pierced through the darkness and the obstacles which obstructed my sight, and presented to me the lioness, with neck strained, ears back, and body trembling, ready to spring. I got nervous. Though it was bitingly cold, I felt the perspiration on my forehead, when a sudden thought restored my presence of mind, and calmed my nerves. Why, thought I, have I not climbed the tree, instead of posting myself under it?—why should I not seize one of the branches, and in a few seconds be thirty feet above ground, in perfect safety? But I recollected that in the daytime I should not have thought of the tree, and should have believed it unworthy of myself to seek such a refuge. This thought restored my self-possession and self-reliance.

But what was my rage and surprise when, instead of the terrible roar of a lioness, maddened by the loss of her cub, I heard the whine of a young lion crying for his absent nurse! I cannot help laughing when I recollect the excitement into which this little fellow had put me. The lioness not coming forth, I caught hold of the cub. I put it into my pocket, and returned in the direction of the tents. Straggling for three hours through woods and ravines, and often fancying I heard the roar of the lioness following the scent of her cubs, I arrived at last at the Duar—Arab tent-village—guided by the barking of the dogs.

Settled here, the first thing I did was to compare the two cubs. The male was about a third larger than his sister, and a very fine animal he was. I gave him the name of Hubert, in honour of the patron saint of the chase. While the little lioness avoided men, and scratched whosoever dared to touch her, Hubert remained quite quiet at the hearth, and looked about with an astonished, but not savage stare. The Arab females were never tired of petting him, and rewarding his amiability. They tied up a she-goat to suckle him. At first, he was very awkward; but as soon as he had fairly tasted the milk, he attached himself to his nurse, and followed her everywhere. His sister would not profit by her brother's experience, and could not be kept quiet. Hubert at length grew sleepy, and lay down upon my burnoose as quietly as if he had been with his mother.

The next day, I reconnoitred the ravines and hills of the neighbourhood, followed by the Arabs. In the evening, I partook of a meal in the tent of a shepherd, and returned to my former ambush. I waited in vain till dawn—the lioness did not appear. I was told afterwards, that on the loss of her two cubs, she had left the country with a third. The disappearance of the dreaded beast restored calm in the tribe Beni-Bughal, and I left them with my two adopted pets to proceed to Ghelma. But the young lioness soon died in teething, which is always a critical, and often fatal period to lion-cubs.

As to Hubert, he did very well, and was growing so fast that the milk of three goats was scarcely sufficient for him. He became the pet of all the camp, especially of Lehman the trumpeter, Bibart the blacksmith, and poor Rustan the spahi, who, one year after, was terribly maimed by the lions of Medjez Ammar. A register was opened for Hubert, in which his services were entered: he was originally put down as a horseman of the second class, waiting for advancement. I extract from the register, in which every fact and service of Hubert was faithfully recorded, the following feats:—

'April 20, 1846.—When Hubert was three months old, the squadron stood this day in the courtyard of the head-quarters, ready to proceed to the drill-ground; the trumpeter sounded the call; and horseman Hubert, shut up in his room on the second floor, leaps to the window, and shouts "Here!" but he is not heard, and he is set down as absent. The captain orders—*march*; the trumpeter sounds; and Hubert, jumping from the window down into the courtyard, appears

with the squadron. For such excellent conduct, the entry, that he was absent at the call, is cancelled.

'May 15.—Hubert kills his nurse, the old goat, and is therefore nominated a horseman of the first class.

'Sept. 8.—He makes a sortie on the market-place; puts the Arabs to flight; kills several sheep and a donkey; fells a guardsman to the ground; and surrenders only to his friends Lehman, Bibart, and Rustan. For this gallantry, he is promoted to be a non-commissioned officer; gets an iron chain of honour round his neck; and is attached to the door-posts of the stable as permanent sentinel.

'Jan. 16, 1847.—A Bedouin was prowling about the stables; Hubert, suspecting him to be a robber, breaks the chain, seizes the Arab, and keeps him on the ground till the officer comes, to whom he delivers up his prisoner in a wretched condition. For this feat, Hubert is made a colour-sergeant, and gets two chains of honour round his neck. In April, he kills a horse, and fells two soldiers; and thus rises to be an officer, and is put into a cage.'

Poor Hubert! And I, his best friend, was ordered to imprison him! The authorities, lenient to him because he was so amiable, could not longer ignore his escapades: he could not but be sentenced to death, or to imprisonment for life.

My first idea was to let him escape; but I feared that, accustomed to intercourse with men, he might return to the camp, and be killed. During the first months of his punishment, I sometimes came at night and opened his cage. He leaped out with delight, and we played at hide-and-seek. But one evening, when he was in his best spirits, he hugged me so fondly that he would certainly have strangled me, had not my comrades come and delivered me from his caresses. It was the last time we played together. Nevertheless, I must confess that he had no bad intentions: he did not make use either of his claws or of his teeth, and always behaved kindly and gently to his friends. Still, displeased that he could not leave the cage without a heavy chain fastened to the irons, he became sad, and often excited. His character changed for the worse; I began to think that I must part with him. An officer offered me 3000 francs, on behalf of the king of Sardinia; but I could not sell my friend Hubert as I sell the skins of the lions I kill. The Prince of Aumale had been kind to me. I offered Hubert to him, requesting that he would provide for him in the Zoological Gardens at Algiers.

Hubert left Ghelma in October 1847, to the great distress of the ladies, towards whom he had displayed the utmost politeness, and of all the soldiers, who loved him nearly as much as I did myself. Lehman and Bibart got drunk intentionally, in order to bear more easily the pangs of parting; still, they were so overwhelmed with grief at taking leave, and made such a row, that they had to be given into custody, to enable Hubert to be got off.

At Algiers, they found Hubert too tall and magnificent to remain in the Zoological Gardens; he was to be sent to Paris, and I was ordered to accompany him to France. Poor animal! Indeed he was tall—a horse-collar was scarcely big enough for his neck—and far too magnificent for the wretched life to which he was doomed.

The captain of the vessel in which Hubert was transported across the sea, allowed me to open his cage while he took his meals; the passengers being kept away beyond the reach of his chain. As soon as I opened the door, he darted forth, thanked me in his way, and took a walk as far as the chain permitted him to go. Now a beef-steak was brought, of about eight to ten pounds. He ate it, and lay down in the sun for digestion. After his hour of recreation was past, he crept back into his cage, allowed himself to be pulled by the ears, and waited patiently for his

next meal. Thus passed the last pleasant days between us. At Toulon, we parted. He was sent to Marseille, and I went on a visit to my family to Cuers. In a few weeks, I came likewise to Marseille; but although so short a time had elapsed, my friend was no longer the same. Joy, indeed, lighted up his fine face, but he seemed suffering, and worn out. His eyes appeared to ask with reproach: 'Why hast thou forsaken me? Where am I? Whither am I to be carried? Wilt thou remain with me?' I was grieved at his unhappy looks; and scarcely was I out of sight, when I heard him roaring, and shaking furiously the bars of the cage. I returned; and when he saw me, he became calm, and clung to the railing, that I might pat him. A few minutes afterwards, he fell asleep. I retreated slowly, not to disturb his slumber. Sleep is forgetfulness for the animal as well as for man.

In three months after, I was in Paris. My first visit, of course, was to M. Leo Bertrand, editor of the journal for sportsmen; my second, to the Jardin des Plantes. Coming to the gallery of the wild beasts, I was surprised by the smallness of the cages, and displeased by the bad smell, easily endured by hyænas and jackals, but which must kill lions and panthers, to which cleanliness is life. I could not understand why, in the Zoological Gardens of Paris, which should be the model institution of the kind, bears are comfortably lodged in spacious wards, while the lions must linger in small cages, where they cannot thrive. I immediately made some suggestions in this respect to M. Geoffroy de Saint Hilaire, which he received with kindness; and but for the Revolution of February, my petition for Hubert and his comrades would have resulted in salutary reform.

Under such disagreeable impressions, I arrived at the cage of my lion-friend, who, half dozing, looked indifferently at the crowd before him. Suddenly, he raised his head, his eyes sparkled, the muscles of his face throbbed, the top of his tail moved: he had seen the regimentals of a spahi, but did not yet recognise his old comrade. I came nearer; and unable to control my emotion, I put my hand through the rails. It was really a most touching meeting for myself and all who witnessed it. Hubert's eyes were rivetted on my features; now he put his nose to my hand; his eyes became clearer and fonder; he guessed that it was his friend. One word, I knew, would dispel all uncertainty.

'Hubert, old fellow!' said I. This was enough. With a terrible leap, he jumped against the bars, so that they nearly broke. My friends fled in terror, and tried to drag me away. Noble animal! even by your joy you inspire fear! Hubert stood erect, his neck on the railing, which he shook with his paws, as if he wished to break through every obstacle that separated us. He looked glorious, roaring for joy and anger. His red tongue licked my hand with delight, and he tried to put his enormous paws out of the cage to hug me. Some strangers came nearer—he became wild and furious; but when we were left alone, he again grew calm and caressing. I cannot tell how trying it was for me to part. Twenty times I came back, to make it understood to Hubert that I should return; but as often as I left him, the whole gallery trembled with his furious leaps and roars.

I often visited the poor prisoner, and we remained together for hours; but I soon saw that he became sadder and more weary. The officers of the garden thought that my visits brought nostalgia upon him, and I determined not to see him so often. On one of the days of May, I came as usual, and the keeper said: 'Sir, do not come any more: Hubert is dead.' I hastened away; but now I often go to the gardens, to indulge in thoughts of my poor friend.

Thus died Hubert, born for freedom and for the air of the mountains. Civilisation killed him. But,

oh ye lionesses of the Atlas, never shall I again steal your cubs! Better for them to be killed at once, as if by lightning, in the forest, under the free sky of their home, than to linger in captivity. The lead of the hunter is preferable to consumption in a cage.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

LIFE-ASSURANCE.

WHEN a private citizen in the middle or humbler ranks of life effects an insurance upon his life, he usually makes some sacrifice of present personal enjoyments for the sake of a future good to his wife and children. The act is in all respects so praiseworthy, that any disappointment in one case tending to discourage it in others, is much to be deprecated. We would rather see such security invariably attending the business, that not the slightest apprehension could be entertained as to the realisation of the good results. True it is, nevertheless, and of verity, that one cannot now step at random into a life-assurance office, and be sure that the bread he there throws on the waters will ever be gathered again. He would need to take some care in the selection of an office, before he could calculate with safety on his good design in behalf of those dear to him being fulfilled.

In old times, the starting of a new life-assurance office was a rare and notable event. During the last ten years, they have sprung up in scores. It seems all fair, as only in accordance with our maxims of unrestricted competition. Grant this, there is, nevertheless, so small a proportion of sound business for each, that the receipts of the office, instead of being reserved as a fund for the liquidation of claims, are in many instances absorbed in the payment of salaries, advertising, and other expenses. They look like concerns which have been got up merely in order to pay salaries to certain officers. Where the plan of assurance is the *mutual* one, this of course leaves the members a poor prospect. Where there is some admixture of the *proprietary* plan, the danger is primarily to the shareholders, and only secondarily to the policy-holders. Take the system of these adventurer-offices overhead, it is full of fallacy and danger; nor can we allow that this is in all cases unknown to the persons immediately charged with the management. The annual accounts, which from time to time appear, are in many cases adjusted in a manner obviously calculated to gloss over deficiencies, and give cheerful views where nothing but ruin can be expected. As a hypothetical case, an office which started with a certain sum of paid-up capital, and has for a few years been drawing large but unstated sums for premiums of life-assurance and annuities, will shew an amount of real assets considerably below even the original capital, out of which to gratify its shareholders and discharge its numerous prospective obligations; but by one expedient or another, as by the adding into the assets a sum of unpaid-up capital, all will be made to look so straight, that none but a skilled arithmetician is competent to detect the fallacy. In fact, managers, actuaries, directors, and agents, appear to be all involved in one whirl of mutual make-believe and mystification, which none but a cool and sagacious few can unravel. One of the saddest features of the whole affair, is the facility with which men of some social, and even political standing, lend their names to countenance these concerns. They cannot be always aware of the unsoundness; but if they were to take due care before granting permission to have their names printed in the prospectuses and advertisements, they could not fail to be warned of the real character of the act they are requested to commit. There is, in fact, a loose morality on the subject of giving names to public institutions, without at the same time giving

personal attention to their concerns, which is altogether reprehensible.

Out of the multitude of offices established during the last ten years, there must, of course, be some which are entitled to support from shareholders and the public. We should be sorry to say anything calculated to injure the prospects of such respectable concerns. The circumstances, however, are certainly such as to suggest caution, generally, in the case of offices of comparatively recent establishment; more particularly since, for the most part, those of earlier date are entitled to confidence. Where so many safe old offices offer equal advantages, it is surely the height of folly to listen to the siren voices of those numerous concerns of which so large a proportion are manifestly unsound.

'DAMAGES.'

Great surprise has lately been excited in Scotland by the overturn given in the House of Lords to a decision of the native court, inflicting on the owner of a dog the payment of damages for some sheep which the animal had destroyed. The principle proceeded upon in the ultimate decision was, that damages are only exigible in the case of the master of a dog who is aware of a tendency in the animal to destroy sheep. Now, it seems to us that this principle is strictly accordant with justice, though the fact has not as yet been acknowledged in the northern and more sagacious part of the island. The keeping of a dog is admitted to be perfectly lawful. But if it were ruled that the damage which might arise from every occasional freak of these animals must needs be repaired by their owners, it would be equivalent to saying that the keeping of a dog is *not* lawful. It would land us in an absurdity. The exceptional tendencies of the animal, in as far as they cannot be foreseen and guarded against, are simply occurrences in the course of Providence, for which it would be unjust to make the owner responsible. Society may undertake to compensate them, if it thinks they ought not to fall upon the owners of the animals destroyed; but certainly the owner of the dog, if he has had no reason to apprehend any destructive outbreak on the part of his canine protégé, ought to be exempt.

Society perhaps requires to have some of its other ideas about damages corrected. It appears to us, that the owners of public conveyances, including the everywhere used and *abused* railways, are sometimes treated with signal injustice by juries. It seems to be assumed that *every* accident by which damage is produced, was avoidable under a system of due care. Now, this is surely absurd. While the movements of human nature remain, as hitherto, not quite so mechanical as those of a planet (a watch is out of the question), it will be quite impossible to obtain officials—as drivers, guards, &c.—absolutely beyond committing mistakes and oversights. So, also, horses will stumble and fall under certain circumstances, which it is not possible always to foresee. Metals the strongest, and leather-straps the toughest, will break unexpectedly and unaccountably. Accidents, in short, *will* happen even in the best-regulated vehicles. Some allowance ought surely to be made on this account, and damages only assigned when it is proved that the proprietors of the vehicle chose or retained incompetent servants, or recklessly overlooked the decay of some essential part of their machinery. To do otherwise, is to pronounce that we expect coaches, horses, locomotives, and drivers to partake of an angelic character.

It is clear to us that, when any person ventures into a public conveyance, he subjects himself to a certain amount of risk absolutely unavoidable, for the sake of a benefit to himself, and has no title to expect more of the proprietors than that they shall have everything in decently good order for the insurance of safety—a point to which their own interest is clearly engaged, in the

risk which they are making of their own property. All of those risks, which may be called strictly providential, or which may be said to depend on the imperfection of ordinary subunary things, he is entitled to take upon himself.

It is to be feared that the public does not, in general, reason quite wisely for itself on this subject. When it rejoices in hearing of an old lady getting a thousand pounds as compensation for a broken leg, incurred in the course of a journey which implied, perhaps, a sixpenny-fare, or echoes with delight the threat of a stupid judge 'to bring up the directors next time,' it does not reflect on the effects which these things must inevitably have on the future management and condition of systems of public conveyance. One certain consequence must be, the withdrawal of the best men from a business where there is little but kicks to be gained. The business will sink down and down in the scale of mercantile men, till a set of sharpers and adventurers shall alone remain. Are there not some symptoms of this process having already been commenced? That it is not for the interest of the public that the conductors and proprietors of railways, or any other kind of public conveyances, should be thus lowered in character, must, to the reasonable, be only too apparent.

A SEA-SIDE PICTURE.

We have come but lately from beautiful scenes, where our eyes drank in the glory of the mountain-top and the moonlit fairness of the lake; we have seen the valley flooded with light, the hillside black with shadow, and higher, veiling the summit, the thick-falling snows; we have wandered by the cold dumb stream, under the leafless trees, and viewed it on the morrow white with wrath, and swift as the arrow from the bow; on the firm smooth surface of the tranced mere, set with fair islets green from June to June, we have but lately seen the skaters, torch in hand, and heard, through the deep night, their voices echoed from a hundred hills: nor ever did we think to see elsewhere such beauteous sights, nor that we ever should cease to grieve their loss. It is not so. There are no mountains here, no lakes, no vales; but before us lies the sea, and its glorious burdens. As we look from our window, eastward, in the early morning, we see the first gleams 'glittering on the sail that brings our friends up from the under world;' and spar by spar the vessel grows upon our sight, and 'the bright flag blushes above,' and gun by gun her broadside can be counted, and one by one her crew. More frequently, a cloud on the horizon, darker than the rest, becomes a stream of smoke, and blacker and broader yet; and alongside of the looming ship we mark the white line from the beating of her wheels, or at her stern the foam-wreath from her screw; signal after signal runs to her masthead, and by one of the assembled fleet is repeated to the port, whence answer is returned; and sometimes the newly arrived vessel remains to swell the armada in the offing, and sometimes the small steam-tugs come creeping out along the shore, and drag the huge ships in. 'Sick and wounded from the East on board'—that is the most common news; the last leviathan that steamed in yesterday, brought two dead corpses and a crowd of cases wherein hope but flickered weakly, though all that could be done on board of her was done, and all her pitiable freight seemed grateful and contented.

A fleet, which these vast units hardly seem to increase, has been anchored here in front of us for weeks—a long array of three-deckers and two-deckers, double or treble line, as it may happen, of the flower of our great navy. Most of these were independent of the winds and tides, with engines of gigantic power asleep within them; bowels of iron, requiring for their active nourishment

tons of coal per hour. The bulk of that great power has left us for the Baltic; but enough remains. Among these Titans, all day long, are threading yachts and fishing-craft; and men-of-war boats, to and from the port, pass and repass our beach; the roll of their rowlocks, and even beat of their oars, sound pleasantly enough; the cadenced shout of some crew about their anchor, the bands that play for hours on board, swell over the narrow sea to us right cheerily. Between the ships are pleasant prospects of that island, fitly called the Garden of our Land; each gleam that strikes the white sails lights upon the town beyond, and the long pier is plainly visible, and the white cliffs to eastward; the whole fleet seems to stand out in relief, with that fair coast for background. The vast ships outward-bound are mostly filled with militia, taking the posts of the regulars in the Mediterranean; or with stores, clothing, horses, and soldiers, for the camp before Sebastopol. It is for them chiefly that we upon the beach reserve our cheers, and they, on their part, are not slow to return them; an adieu of the pleasantest kind that countrymen can make, and of great comfort to all concerned.

On the great common betwixt us and the beach, the foreground of our Sea-side Picture, there is much to be seen also. From early morning, when the cheery bugle proclaims there is warlike company afoot, to sunset and the evening-gun, there is always some exciting spectacle. A great machine, like a huge vessel stranded, with decks and guns, and even a flag flying, is the exercising-place of the Marine Artillery; these, we think, are our earliest visitors. That even tramp, the most solemn national music possible, which we hear between sleeping and waking, is made by companies of that regiment marching to the 'Fire Barn;' their men are the finest we see. Towards noon, our little plain is covered with brilliant masses—regulars in every variety of costume: for this man wears the ancient uniform, and that the last but one; and there is another in the newest fashion yet; one shako differeth from another in ugliness considerably, but culminates, for actual hideousness, in the new helmet. Having endowed our army with this last, the authorities stuck a spike in it, to draw people's attention and derision, or for purposes of butting when other arms should fail, or to do the work of lightning-conductors: beyond these three suggestions, imagination fails. That corps yonder, with the flames of fire on their heads, and short red tunics, are not provided with buckets, but bayonets: they are not firemen, as might be supposed, but soldiers. The majority of the squads, however, are militiamen, by this time not to be distinguished in steadiness and discipline from the line itself. A great many of their officers are only temporarily attached to the regiments here, and their difference of uniform is a pleasing contrast. The red scarf worn diagonally, instead of round the waist, is pleasantest to us, who are looking to the picturesque effect; but we miss the glitter of the sun upon the scales—the undress epaulets. All day long, there is a sad sight, but not unpicturesque, of convicts and their heavy burdens. Later in the afternoon, a dropping fire and continual bugle-calls are sure to bring us to our windows, and we see three companies of Rifles spread over the whole common in apparent disarray. Their dress is a little too plain for 'a spectacle;' but their drill, the most interesting of any. For purposes of ambuscade, however, the common is rather unsuited; and kneeling in a gutter, and getting behind a very small stone, in hopes to be in ambush, is 'making believe very much indeed.' During this exercise, we always observe the plain to be kept free from old ladies and Bath-chairs; and we confess to feeling ourselves a little uncomfortable when 'covered' by about seven muskets, as we pass upon some peaceful errand from our lodgings into the town. Nevertheless, it is worth

the chance of being spitted by a forgotten ramrod to be amongst these pleasant sights and sounds from day to day. There certainly can be little danger, save from our own countrymen: for mark the strong castle to the east, with guns at every angle; and the long, low batteries to westward, snow-white in the sun; and that high green line of fortification inland, circling about for miles. Above these last, a mass of masts uprise from the craft in harbour; and from each of them, and as it seems from every tower and height, there floats our *semper eadem*—the Union Jack.

Such is our Sea-side Picture until evening; and not till the gun has boomed over the sea from its high place, and the roll of the drums has altogether ceased, does it lose its tone and colour, and grow dim; and still through the twilight we watch the huge shapes upon the waters, looming strange and solemn, like the guardian genii of our land.

THE GREAT NEEDLE WITHOUT AN EYE.

ARE we ever to have Cleopatra's Needle in England? There are three or four circumstances which bring the question to one's thoughts. In the first place, the newspapers announced to us, a year or two ago, that the Crystal Palace Company had pondered and consulted respecting the borrowing of this monster-needle, to add to the attractions of their palace of glass: in the next place, we know that they have already dragged heavy masses into their domain, for they harnessed thirty or forty horses to a palm-tree, and brought it in triumph from Hackney to Sydenham: in the third place, when we are told in all sober seriousness, that the Monument at London Bridge could stand snugly covered in beneath the crystal vault of the centre transept, we are led to speculate whether another specimen of the tall genus, Cleopatra's Needle, could take up a like position: and, lastly, when we see that the casts of the two gigantic figures from Thebes, although 75 feet in height, can find a comfortable home within one of the smaller transepts, without knocking off their dark red heads or bright blue caps—when we see these things, we feel half-inclined to think that an Egyptian Colossus, of any kind, or any shape, or any colour, might easily find itself in friendly vicinity to other specimens of greatness at Sydenham.

Most readers know something about this Cleopatra's Needle; but a few details may not be unacceptable, to refresh one's memory. In Egypt, then, there is a tall quadrangular pillar or obelisk, called Cleopatra's Needle. In what manner that famous lady could ever have used such a needle, must be left among the myths of antiquity. There are, indeed, two needles—one upright, and one prostrate; but it is only to the latter of these that any projects for removal relate.

The *Englishwoman in Egypt* (Mrs Poole, sister to Mr Lane) tells us, that one of her rambles from Alexandria was to see these two obelisks. She entered a kind of field of ruins wherein they are situated, and found a number of peasants loitering among miserable huts; while a few children, in a state of nudity, and extremely unsightly in form, were standing or sitting in the entrances of their dwellings. The obelisks, she found, were situated at the angle of an enclosure, almost close to the shore of the new harbour. As she found them, so they had been for a long period. Each obelisk is formed of a monolith or single block of porphyry, between 60 and 70 feet in length, and nearly 8 feet square at the base. Three lines of hieroglyphics adorn each of the four faces of each obelisk. The central line bears the title and name of Thothmos III., who is supposed to have reigned in Egypt shortly before the exodus of the Israelites. The lateral lines bear the name of Sesostris or Rameses the Great, a monarch of much later date, but still very

ancient according to our ideas. These obelisks are supposed to have been two of four which Sesostri set up at Heliopolis, and to have been afterwards removed from that (now) extinct city to Alexandria; another of these obelisks is now in the Piazza di Monte Citario at Rome; while the fourth still remains standing at Heliopolis. The whole four are believed to have been placed at the entrance either of a palace or a temple. Beneath the obelisk which still stands is a cubical base about six feet square, and beneath this again is a pedestal of steps. There is no record, so far as we remember, of the period when the prostrate obelisk received its downfall; but down it is, and there is no probability that the Egyptians will ever raise it again. There is no quarry of this porphyry nearer to Alexandria than 600 miles' distance; and it has formed a subject of much speculation, by what means the ancient dwellers in the land could have transported such enormous masses. Belzoni, however, achieved something similar with the aid of a large number of men.

It is not surprising that the thought should once now and then have occurred, whether or not one of these two obelisks could be brought to England. The prostrate obelisk—supposed by many persons in England to be the Cleopatra's Needle, the only one—is the property of our nation: it was presented to George IV. by Mehmet Ali in 1820, and has thus for thirty-four years remained as unclaimed British property. Our leading statesmen have not forgotten it, although they have not seen their way clearly to any positive introduction of it into England. And when we remember what wretched management we throw into all such matters as the Nelson Column and the Wellington Statue, the recollection cools down any wish we may entertain to see the government attempt any achievement with Cleopatra's Needle. Nevertheless, the wish to see something done, by some authority, and in some fashion, has been pretty extensively expressed. The late Sir George Murray stated, that 'he joined with all military friends who desired that the obelisk should be removed to London. Its intrinsic value might not be great, but as a monument and a trophy, it possessed a value peculiarly its own.' The late Sir Robert Peel thought 'that this obelisk ought to be removed to this country, and erected as a memorial to Sir Ralph Abercromby and the other British officers who fought and fell in Egypt.'

In 1852, as is well known, the Crystal Palace Company were organising their arrangements for the illustration of ancient art generally, and of Egyptian art as a species; and while Bonomi and Fergusson, Owen Jones and Digby Wyatt, were planning their temples and columns, sphinxes and deities, it was not unnatural that the thought should occur to them that possibly Cleopatra's Needle might form one of the treasures of Sydenham. The company resolved to make an application to the government on the subject; and the Earl of Derby, who was at that time premier, agreed to lend the obelisk, on these two conditions—that the company should pay all the expenses of removal to England, and that the government should be at liberty to claim the obelisk at some future period, on repayment of the expenses which the company had incurred. The company thus knew what they had to effect in the event of their proceeding further in the matter. They, consequently, advertised for plans and tenders, from persons willing to bring the obelisk from Egypt to London. They knew, of course, that the enterprise would be both difficult and costly; and it was quite right that they should reckon up the pence required and the pence forthcoming before committing themselves in the matter.

Mr Elmes, the architect, was one of those who responded to the invitation of the company. He sent in detailed descriptions and estimates; but the company

declined the adoption of his plan, probably startled by the prospective outlay of £3000. He then transmitted a notice of his plan to the *Practical Mechanics' Journal*, in the pages of which it appeared. All the minute details about caissons, tackle, levers, and so forth, may be dispensed with here; but every one will be able to understand, and many will be interested in, a general sketch of the method proposed—especially as an opinion has been since expressed in many quarters, that the method might be valuably employed in transporting trees and other large masses.

Mr Elmes begins by laying it down as a proposition, that such a mass as Cleopatra's Needle ought not to be entrusted to any ship for its transmission to England. The weight of the obelisk is nearly 200 tons. The mass must be laid along either on the larboard or the starboard side of the masts, and a counterpoise of equal weight, and somewhat similar general dimensions, must be laid on the other side of the masts, in order that the ship may preserve its trim. This would, in effect, nearly double the labour of shipping and unshipping the obelisk. There are other reasons which seem to render an ordinary ship unfitted for such an undertaking, and Mr Elmes sought about for means in some different direction.

Some years ago, the late Alderman Thomas Johnson, contractor for the Plymouth Breakwater, was engaged in extensive plans for transporting blocks of granite from Devonshire to Plymouth Sound, to form the breakwater. He and some others became the possessors of the largest unwrought block of granite, of obelisk form, at present known, at the summit of one of the loftiest *tors* or hills in Devonshire. As it seemed a pity to break up such a mass, and as it was large enough to form an obelisk 102 feet in height by 9 feet square at the base, a project was started for bringing it to the banks of the Thames, and erecting it for some commemorative purpose near Windsor. Mr Elmes, at the suggestion of Alderman Johnson, drew out the particulars of a scheme for the transport of the block; but various circumstances, among which was the death of the great contractor, led to the abandonment of the project; and the huge block remains, where it has lain for countless ages—on the top of a rude hill, in a rude district.

When, therefore, the Crystal Palace Company's advertisement appeared, Mr Elmes thought of his old project, and considered whether the Egyptian block might be made amenable to the same mechanical laws as the Devonshire one. He estimated the differences in all the circumstances respecting the two masses, and then worked out his plan as follows:—

Let there be constructed, he says, a dry-dock, at a few feet distance from the obelisk. Let this dock be 40 feet longer than the obelisk, 25 feet wide at the bottom, 10 feet deep, and having sloping sides and ends. Lay nine stout barks of timber transversely across the bottom of the dry-dock, at equal distances one from another. On these timbers lay another, 64 feet long by 14 inches square, along the middle of the dock, to form a kind of keel. On this keel lay a succession of stout timbers, across the dock, about 7½ feet long, and packed and bolted side by side as close as they can lie: thus forming a kind of platform bolted to the keel. On this platform arrange nine longitudinal timbers side by side, to form a second platform, 9 or 10 feet in length, and stretching out to a length far greater than that of the obelisk—each end of the platform tapering off to a point. On this second platform lay timbers crosswise, as close as they can be side by side, and 24 feet long: thus will be formed a third platform, projecting at each side 7 or 8 feet over the second platform, which in its turn projects a little over the lowermost. In a similar way form a fourth platform, by arranging bulky timbers longitudinally, and bolting them down to the third; and lastly, form a fifth or

upper platform, by similarly laying timbers transversely. There would thus be formed a solid mass of timber several feet thick, longer and wider than the obelisk, and bolted down to a kind of keel; its measures would be about 80 feet long, 24 feet wide, 6 feet deep along the centre, and 3 feet deep along the sides. Its weight to that of an equal bulk of sea-water would be as 70 to 103; and it is assumed by Mr Elmes that such a mass would be compact, buoyant, and unimmersed.

Now, how to get the obelisk upon this platform or caisson? The obelisk is 64 feet long, 8 feet square at the base, and 4½ feet square at the top. The surface of the platform will be about 4 feet below the level of the ground whereon the obelisk lies. Clear away the ground carefully from around the obelisk, and construct an inclined plane of stout timbers from thence to the platform, which henceforward we will call a raft. Shore up the raft from beneath, and cover the deck or upper surface with a soft and thick layer of Egyptian cotton. Then for the pulling-force—a formidable part of the affair. Capstans will work flat ropes bound round the obelisk, and will draw it gently down upon the raft. The obelisk is then to be completely built around or wedged in with timbers, prevented from abrading it by intervening layers of cotton. By this arrangement, the obelisk will be completely enveloped on every side with enormous timbers; all these timbers are to be bolted together, and a sheathing of three-inch deals is to cover the whole mass.

Next comes the question of the navigation—the floating and piloting of the bulky mass over wide and perhaps stormy seas. Mr Elmes estimates that the timber would weigh 600 tons, and that a load of 430 tons would be required to sink it in sea-water; whereas the obelisk and all the ironwork would barely weigh 200 tons, leaving a margin of 230 tons in favour of the flotation of the mass. On and around the mass are to be adjusted bulwarks, rudder, wheel, bowsprit, two masts, yards, braces, spars, blocks, and sails; with cabins, store-rooms, berths, tanks, lockers, and provisions; in fact, the mass of timber, with its precious core of porphyry, is to be converted into a ship, or, more properly, a sailing-raft; and the outer seams of this ship are to be calked, payed, and painted, for preservation. A channel is to be dug from the dry-dock to the sea-shore, and the dock thus filled with water, the raft and its burden will then float; and it will be for captain and seamen to navigate it in safety to England.

Supposing it to be arrived in the Thames, the raft will float into the Collier Dock at Deptford, close to the spot where a branch-railway ends belonging to the Brighton Company. Take the raft to pieces, removing the timbers one by one, until the obelisk remains exposed and free. Then, by capstans and ropes, draw it up, and deposit it upon a range of six strong railway-trucks, with timbers under and alongside of the obelisk. A powerful goods-locomotive or two would then be able to draw the whole load from Deptford to the Crystal Palace grounds, where tackle of an ordinary kind, but in abundant quantity, would suffice to lift up the obelisk upon its broader end in any chosen spot. Mr Elmes states, that this final task need only be an expansion of the method whereby he raised the monolith granite obelisk, made by the Haytor Granite Company, on its pedestal, at the southern end of Farringdon Street.

The important affair of pounds, shillings, and pence, then comes for consideration. Mr Elmes estimates the cost of the timber—yellow fir—at L.2713; masts and rigging, L.350; labour and small materials on shore, L.490; wages and provisions on the voyage, L.116; landing and transport in England, L.250; engineer's commission, L.300; engineer's and assistants' expenses out and home, L.500; incidental expenses, L.290; making a total of about L.5000. But, he says, 'the fir timber proposed to be used in the construction of

the caisson being, for full five-sixths of its quantity, as good as when first taken over, is, with the used or deteriorated portion, the ironwork, masts, rigging, sails, stores, anchors, chain-cables, equipments, &c., to be sold by tender or by auction;' and he estimates that the company ought thus to obtain L.1500 for the perfect timber, L.200 for the damaged timber, and L.400 for everything else—thus bringing in L.2100, and reducing the cost to L.2900.

This was Mr Elmes's plan—a plan which the company declined to adopt, for reasons which, we may suppose, appeared to them sufficient. In the spring of 1853, Mr Anderson, the managing director of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, and also one of the directors of the Crystal Palace Company, went over to Egypt to examine personally into the facilities for removing the prostrate obelisk. He found, however, that the Needle is actually built into a part of the sea-wall and ramparts forming the fortification of the city of Alexandria; and to pull down so much of the fortification as would be required to disinter the obelisk, and to launch it, and afterwards to rebuild the wall, would not only occupy a great space of time, but must involve a very great outlay. The pacha, also, not unnaturally, objected strongly against having any such large breach made in his city-walls, and kept open perhaps for some weeks, especially at a time when European politics began to look troubled. The idea was, therefore, abandoned or postponed—whichever may be the proper term; and we are not aware that any further steps have been taken towards the transport of Cleopatra's Needle to England.

That such masses can be brought to Europe, is well known; the only point is, whether there are any persons willing to bear the expense. A very remarkable instance was the transfer of the Luxor Obelisk to Paris—a task which our government would shrink from attempting, and which they would probably effect clumsily and expensively, if they effected it at all. In front of the Temple of Luxor at Thebes, are (or were) two obelisks of great beauty, apparently much superior to Cleopatra's Needles. When Napoleon was in Egypt, at the beginning of the century, he was struck with the grand appearance of these obelisks, and conceived the bold idea of sending one of them to France. The fortune of war turned against him, however, and he had more important matters than obelisks to engage his attention. Thirty years afterwards, when Charles X. was king, an application was made to Mehemet Ali for a gift of one of these obelisks. Perhaps the French thought, that as England had obtained one of the Alexandria obelisks, 'la grande nation' ought to obtain one of the Luxor obelisks; but be this as it may, Mehemet Ali made the present, and the French formed a plan for its removal. Charles X. began the enterprise, but Louis-Philippe carried it on to completion. A vessel was built of fir, strong enough to bear the storms of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, but shallow enough to float down the Nile and up the Seine. The vessel and 140 persons left Toulon in April 1831, and reached Thebes in August of the same year. To navigate the vessel up from Alexandria to the Nile was a work of great difficulty; and the men suffered much from heat, sand-storms, cholera, and ophthalmia during the voyage. Arrived at Thebes, the officers, like true Frenchmen, soon made snug arrangements with their barracks, sheds, tents, bread-ovens, and provision-stores. The obelisk was 70 feet high, 240 tonweights, and situated 1200 feet from the bank of the Nile, with difficult intervening ground. Seven hundred Frenchmen and Arabs were engaged for three months in making an inclined plane from the obelisk to the river; the obelisk was incased in timber; and by immense manual labour it was lowered, dragged down the inclined plane, and placed on board the vessel,

the bow-end of which was temporarily cut off, to allow of the obelisk being thrust in, as into a tunnel. All this was done by November 1831, but it was not until August 1832 that the Nile contained water enough for the navigation of the vessel. They were three months getting down the Nile, and various delays brought it to May 1833 before they reached Toulon, and August 1834 before they anchored at Cherbourg. The vessel was towed from Cherbourg to Havre, and from Havre up the Seine to Paris. Preparations were in progress during 1835 for erecting it; and finally, in the summer of 1836, it was set up in its position in the Place de la Concorde, or Place Louis XVI.

The Luxor Obelisk remains, then, a standing proof that such ponderous masses can be safely removed from Egypt to Western Europe. But the expenditure of time and money was awful; and we may conclude, that British governments and British companies will either find out some cheaper and quicker plan, or let Cleopatra's Needle alone.

LORDS AND COMMONS.

I AM one of the few voters who have never solicited place, pension, or favour from their representatives in parliament; I can lay my hand upon my heart, and assert without a quaver, that my representative puts up his legs along the Treasury benches, and sleeps his sleep unhaunted by a dream of promise or of pledge to Theophilus Meltinmouth. I have had my eye upon him, of course, through the medium of the public press, but he has never had cause to shrink beneath it, like a guilty thing; I therefore asked him for an order for the Speaker's Gallery the other night, with confidence, and I got it. Very different were the antecedents of my friend Boomrang, who accompanied me; as 1-5000th part of the motive-power that had propelled our representative into the House of Commons, he has ever since considered himself entitled to a high official position, and his sons to various offices of emolument.

'MY LORD,' he writes, 'my communication of the day before yesterday still remains unanswered, in which I requested a place in the senior department of the Tape Board. My son Frederic has received no reply to his application for the Sealing-wax appointment: forgive me, my Lord, if I say that courtesy and attention should at least be observed by a representative to those who have got him in and may also turn him out. Your obedient servant,

BUMPSHUS BOOMRANG.

He has written about two hundred letters of the above description since the last election, and obtained at last his order for the Speaker's Gallery.

I arrived, as is my usual custom, about two hours and forty minutes before it was necessary, and amused myself in the interval with contemplating the furniture and decorations of Westminster Hall. Lord Mansfield, a very heavy nobleman, with only one hand exposed to the public, was being seduced throughout that time from the entrance to the steps by means of iron levers; I was anxious beyond measure to see how he would get up the steps, but by the door being flung back with violence, and the consequent expostulations of the policeman, I knew that Boomrang was come, who never waits. I had modestly inquired my way to the right door, so that he might not be exacerbated, which he is apt to be at any hinderance. The Speaker's Gallery was already open; and the official, as the different candidates presented themselves, was ticking their names off the list. He was a stately person, with the collar of St George and the Dragon (I think), and I did not know but that he was the Speaker himself, keeping watch at his own door, so I tendered him my

name, Meltinmouth, with much respect—Theophilus Meltinmouth.

'There's a Thomas Meltinmouth; no Theophilus that I can see upon my list.'

I ventured to explain to him that the noble Lord the Member for the City of London, was unacquainted with my baptismal name, and might have taken my brief signature Th for Thomas, by mistake. The official said it was a doubtful question, but permitted me to pass upon the understanding, that if another Meltinmouth appeared, I should be given into custody. Boomrang's name was not upon the list!

'Boomrang, Bumpshus Boomrang, it is on the list; it must be. Let me look at it. I will go up!' My dear friend was foaming at the lips, and uttering these words when I last saw him at the foot of the Gallery steps. The next moment, I was in the palladium of British liberty.

Two rows of comfortable benches await us who have Speaker's orders; and behind us is the Strangers' Gallery. On either side the House run the galleries for members; and opposite, above the Speaker's chair, are boxes for the reporters. Above these, again, are beautifully screened receptacles for the fair sex, with charming glimpses of their varied plumage shewing through the cage. A great deal of petition business is in progress, not interesting in itself, except that, as the names of the presenters are severally called out, we have the opportunity of marking down a celebrity or two. Of the Speaker's formula, delivered like the telling of beads, we can catch only the concluding words, 'lie on the table;' but I don't think we lose much either. Presently the body of the House begins to fill, especially the ministerial benches to the right of the chair; and the lowest bench is soon entirely occupied. On the corresponding seats, also, there is a close array, and from them presently rises a dark gentleman in a tightly buttoned coat, with his arms now crossed, now buried in his tail-pockets, addressing himself to ministers, but turning his face anywhere else, and requesting to hear what the noble lord had brought with him all the way from Vienna: there is a dead silence while Mr Disraeli is speaking. Then, as a small figure rises to reply, and lays his tremendous hat upon the table, a great 'Hear, hear' breaks forth from all the House, for it is my own representative, the late Plenipotentiary, with news. Amidst an almost unnatural stillness, he states, in low and solemn tones, that his mission has utterly failed. This man, although no orator, is as dignified and impressive a speaker as we shall hear to-night, and but for the sadness of his news, would have been cheered enough. A single combat then ensues between Mr Disraeli and a lively-looking old gentleman in a white waistcoat, speaking loudly and distinctly, and spreading out his ample chest, most peacock-like, to every quarter of the House. Eventually, by a well-directed personal remark, he disposes of his adversary amidst cheers: he is the Prime Minister.

A law orator, evidently well accustomed to public speaking, now addresses us about the Loan Bill, which I don't understand. I am startled from a pleasant sleep by a conflict between the official personage and somebody behind me. Amongst the knees of the second row, and over the back of the bench, struggles Bumpshus Boomrang. As it would evidently make a great disturbance, and take a good deal of force to expel him, he is allowed to retain his post, at the risk of squeezing his neighbour to a jelly. His expressions during this escalade were horrible:

'That is my friend, sir; there, sir, the little man with the squint. Meltinmouth, make room for me, if you please.' When seated, he began to explain his grievances.

'My name was on the second list, sir—the list that comes out at half-past five, and Lord John shall hear of

it—my name on the second list'—The official here whispered, in a voice hoarse with passion, that Mr Boomrang should be borne forth by the police, if he breathed another syllable. The Chancellor of the Exchequer must not be interrupted, who is now glancing, in a delicate agreeable style, at the fact of his borrowing sixteen millions. Against him rises a tall, handsome gentleman, who extricates his parenthetical sentences with consummate skill, and delivers them with the most distinct clearness. His action, however, like that of almost all we shall hear to-night, is monotonous, and resembles the working of machinery; but he sits down at last, amidst loud cheers, for it is Gladstone. Next to him, and upon the same side, rises Cardwell, than whom no orator in the House is more harmonious and silver-toned; and after him a heap of City capitalists. During the addresses of these last gentlemen, Boomrang takes out, with some ostentation, a small Chartist publication, and consoles himself with the cud of bitterness. Almost instantly the official's powdered head is at the barrier, with 'No reading in the Speaker's Gallery.' Presently, poor Boomrang, who is getting tamed by hunger, offers a cold sausage, which he has brought with him in some quantities, to his next neighbour: again swoops down the janitor, who keeps his eye upon us like a vulture of the obscenest kind, with an order against eating anything, and renewed threats of the police.

The fluttering noise which has agitated the House this long time, now resolves itself into a loud 'Divide! divide!' and 'Ayes to the right, and Noes to the left'—which sounds like squinting. The House divides accordingly, and goes into either lobby. The Speaker, after the division, vacates the chair, and the House goes into committee. A strange-looking gentleman, with heaps of hair, except upon his head, is now upon his legs. Our friend *Punch* is not so faithful in this portrait as in most others; but when we catch a hope expressed that 'ministers should be always compelled to pay treble Income-tax,' and that the present speaker hates 'every innovation, whether Crystal Palaces or what not,' we may be sure it is Colonel Sibthorp.

The Newspaper Copyright Bill is now before us, on which an Irish gentleman opens the debate. He has a capital brogue, and exaggerates it, to the great amusement and 'much laughter' of the House. It is rather a relief after the Loan Bill; but the *Times* will take them to task for 'trifling with the feelings of the nation' to-morrow morning. Mr Milner Gibson, in a straightforward, decisive manner, such as seems to be peculiar to the members in his immediate vicinity, also opposes the ministerial measure. Lord Stanley, from the other side of the House, but to the same purpose, speaks well and sensibly, though with bad delivery and ungraceful action, and is much cheered. Against him, from the Manchester benches, rises a stout, thoughtful-looking person, with long white hair, divided in the centre, simultaneously with an attenuated, faded gentleman opposite, with notes in his hand. At a great cry of 'Fox! Fox!' the former keeps his position, and pours forth an eloquent philosophic discourse—less fit, perhaps, for the House of Commons, than for an assembly of students in morals. Basing his opinion upon broad principles of justice, and little regarding the arguments already advanced, he advocates the ministerial measure, while drawing cheers from the Opposition itself. Then the faded gentleman has his turn, and reads off a bad speech, with indifferent delivery, amidst cries of 'Divide! divide!' The House does not want to divide; but it wants to make the faded gentleman stop. There are no shouts of divide when the good-natured-looking person rises from the back-benches to the far right, and with incredible confidence and familiarity, glances over every feature of the subject: now he laments pathetically his cause of difference with some of his own party; now hurls a

broad invective against the ministry, and the House itself; now rises into eloquence upon the right of unrestricted competition; and now, with a *jeu-d'esprit* that strikes him on the instant, and is introduced without scruple or hesitation, convulses both the ins and outs. This is the favourite speaker in the House of Commons, whose ideas are yet less in accordance with those of his audience than perhaps any other member's—this is John Bright the Quaker. Once again, too, Mr Disraeli is upon his legs—no longer captious and uneasy, but luminous, and fair, and poetical—to speak upon the rights of authors; and those two men, to my taste, were well worth the coming to hear, despite the pains and penalties of seven mortal hours in the Speaker's Gallery, without sleep, or food, or literature.

I did not take Boomrang with me a day or two after, when I went to the House of Lords. He said he knew better than to grovel at the feet of an insolent and brutal aristocracy, to obtain even the favour of a seat in their gallery. Mrs Melinmouth is first-cousin to the wife of one of the door-keepers, and he spared me that humiliation. Such a silken gentleman I never saw—so courtly-calm and graceful, that I could hardly help calling him 'My Lord.' He ushered me up the staircase like an elegant enchanter, and pointed me out a front-seat with his wand, where I was by all means to be silent, and not venture to stand up. This House is far grander than the Commons—a mass of gold and carved wood, and the roof most beautiful—not barn-shaped, as it is 'in another place.' Nevertheless, it is very ill adapted for us to hear what the noble Lords are talking about; though that, as Boomrang would remark, may not be such a misfortune after all. Below us are a dozen little pens for the reporters, and a little passage wherein the relays bide their time. On either side, as in the other House, run the Peers' Galleries; and opposite sit the ladies, screened from view. In the body of the place, the bar is allotted to such of the Commons as desire it; and the steps and space beneath the throne, to the elder sons of peers. In place of the Speaker's chair, is a comfortless ottoman, with a back made up of a single cushion. If the Lord Chancellor had ventured to lean against it, over he would have gone, 'head over tip,' as I believe. This incident did not, however, happen; nevertheless, I noticed him yawning now and then, as is rather the custom in their Lordships' House, and 'changing his legs,' as men, and even chancellors, are wont to do when harassed and fidgeted. The black coats of the peers looked a little incongruous with so splendid a place; and it was well to rest the eye upon the further benches, where sat the bishops in full episcopal costume. These last, I don't know for what reason, kept incessantly going out and coming in again. I don't at all believe, as Boomrang does, or says he does, that it could possibly have been for beer. On the right of the chair, as before, and on the lowest bench, the ministers chiefly sit. That theatrical but gentlemanly person in the centre, is Baron Panmure; and by him sits the Indian warrior, Lord Hardinge. Beyond, with a heap of books and papers by him, is a fine-browed, restless-looking young man, who is the Duke of Argyll. Besides my liking for his public character, I have a private leaning towards him as the lord of Inverary and Loch Fyne, of which we have discoursed in this same Journal months ago; and there comes over me, at the sight of him, as I sit in the dull gallery, a dream of purple mountain-tops and green burn-sides.

These romantic feelings, however, must not be indulged, for a long-locked, striking-looking old man is 'up' on the Opposition side, and discoursing upon the Indian army. As he has been governor-general in his time, he should know something about it. It is the Earl of Ellenborough. He also puts some questions about mismanagement in the Crimea. To him replies Lord Panmure very slowly—that he is not quite sure

upon this subject, and has received no certain information about that; he is perfectly convinced, however, that he has not had sufficient notice given him of the intention of the noble earl to put such disagreeable questions. This is his shield against all weapons. As soon as one assailant has been evaded, the poor War Minister has to listen, with his hat drawn well over his brows, to another and another. Lord Hardinge prompts him once or twice in his replies, whereupon a noble lord denounces such a practice as 'cramping' a war minister; then there is a laugh, and a 'Hear, hear;' the first laugh, the first 'Hear, hear' I have yet heard. Certainly, after the noise of the Commons, a debate without expressions of approval or disapproval seems rather a dull affair. Titles of bills are now rehearsed with electric speed by an officer of the House; the Chancellor says, 'Read a second time;' and the bills are all shot into red baize funnels, which may or may not communicate with the Thames. Then came the eternal Loan Bill again; and a noble lord, who said he did not wish to throw any difficulty in its way, which, nevertheless, he took great pains to do. Then a noble lord made his first maiden speech, and procured a great 'Hear, hear' when it was ended; and all this time the entire House fluctuated from about forty to sixty. There was a little temporary excitement amongst us at the entrance of the Earl of Cardigan, a fine, dashing-looking fellow, such as Lever delights to picture; and a little more when the Duke of Cambridge appeared, whom the *Illustrated News* easily enables us to recognise. But, upon the whole, it was very dreary; there was, indeed, so much more Loan Bill, that I at last came away in despair—just like my luck, too. Immediately afterwards—as I see by the papers—began the debate about the Vienna Conference between Lords Clarendon, Derby, and Lansdowne. Boomrang says he is very glad of it.

THE GORDONS IN RUSSIA.

The end of the seventeenth century witnessed Russia preparing to become a great power on the Baltic and in Europe, under the auspices of the extraordinary semi-barbarian, Peter the Great—an event to which his intercourse with natives of Great Britain in no slight degree contributed. A Scotchman, called Menesius, probably a corruption of Menzies, was his governor in boyhood. Patrick Gordon, who rose to the rank of general, was one of the social companions and chief advisers of the youthful czar, as he had been of his father, Alexis. He was present when Peter made his first experiment in navigation after the European fashion, embarked with him on board the same vessel on the Lake Peipus, and kept a log of the proceedings. A namesake, Alexander Gordon, probably a youthful relative, likewise attained the rank of general, and obtained his commission in a very characteristic manner. It was about the year 1693 that he arrived at Moscow; and, having been introduced to the czar, he was invited to a festive party at which several young Russian nobles were present. Hearing disrespectful language applied to foreigners, especially to his own countrymen, the blood of the Scot warmed, and with a blow of his fist one of the most impertinent was laid sprawling on the floor. Five others were capsized in the same manner, in the general row that ensued. The affair was soon carried to the ears of Peter, who ordered the combative Scot to appear before him. He expected nothing short of the knout or Siberia; but acknowledged his indiscretion, apologised for it, and so conciliated the czar, that he responded: 'Well, sir, your accusers have done you justice by admitting that you beat six of them. I will also do you justice.' Having retired for a few minutes, he returned with a major's commission, and handed it to the astonished foreigner. Both the Gordons were actively employed in organising a standing army for the czar, and were present at the capture of Azof, in his first campaign, an important fortress, then belonging to the Turks, on the Black Sea. The younger Gordon

was also in the battle of Narva, and a prisoner for some time in the hands of the Swedes. He finally left the Russian service, and spent his last days in his native country, Scotland.

A FIELD-WALK IN MARCH.

We never had believed, I wis,
At primrose-time, when west winds stole
Like thoughts of youth across the soul,
In such an altered time as this:

When if a little flower could peep
Up through the brown and wintry grass
We should look on it, and then pass
As if we saw it in our sleep;

Feeling as sure as that this light,
Which cottage-children call the sun,
Colours the white clouds one by one—
One touch, and it would vanish quite.

We never could have looked, I say,
In April-time, or when June trees
Shook full-leaved in the evening breeze,
Upon the face of this To-day;

Still, soft, familiar: shining bleak
On naked branches, sodden ground,
Yet shining—as if one had found
A smile upon a dead friend's cheek:

A friend, forgot for years; now, strange
In pallid guise brought sudden back,
Confronting us with our great lack,
Till loss seems lesser far than change.

Yet though Hope's blind eyes did not see
The winter skeleton through the trees,
Out of this bareness Faith perceives
Possible life in field and tree:

When in old boughs the sap 'gins move,
And the mould breaks o'er springing flowers:
Nature revives with all her powers,
But only Nature. Never Love!

So, walking mute with listless hands
Both Faith and Hope glide soft away,
And in long shadows cool and gray,
The sun sets o'er the barren lands.

IMPORTANCE OF REGIMEN IN DISEASE.

In the treatment of diseases, regimen—that is, the regulation of the various functions of the body, as affected by rest or exercise, by temperature, by air, by mental excitement or quietude, &c.—has always been considered as of great importance. The tendency of modern medical practice is to set a higher value upon it than ever. 'The regulation of the diet alone (forming one single subsidiary department of the general doctrine of the regimen) is, indeed, sometimes in itself sufficient to arrest the action and progress of disease. In the first day of a catarrh, for instance, simple abstinence from fluids generally effects a rapid and speedy cure; a proper vegetable diet is sufficient, in most instances, to remove the most aggravated cases of scorbutus; the inculcation of a due animal diet forms, in the same way, the sheet-anchor of the physician in the treatment of diabetes; and there are few cases of constipation or of dyspepsia, however chronic or obstinate, that cannot be ultimately rectified by dietetic means alone, and without the aid of medicine.'—*Dr Simpson on Homoeopathy.*

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.